

The
CLASS BOOK
of
1926 - A



Frank H. Burke



The
Class Book
of
1926
A



Published by the Graduating Class
Thomas Snell Weaver High School
Hartford, Connecticut



MISS FORBES

TO EXPRESS
OUR DEEPEST RESPECT AND ADMIRATION
FOR A FRIEND
WHOSE STERLING QUALITIES
AND
ATTRACTIVE PERSONALITY
HAVE ENLIGHTENED
OUR YEARS IN HIGH SCHOOL
WE, THE CLASS OF 1926A
WITH TRUE PLEASURE
DEDICATE THIS CLASS BOOK

TO

Anita H. Forbes

OF THE

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

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IN answer to the expressed wish of our Class, we are pleased to present to you the Class Book of 1926A. As in the case of almost all interesting enterprises, we, members of the Class Book Boards, have enjoyed the work of preparation immensely. Our only hope now is that you will receive even a greater amount of pleasure and enjoyment from the completed work. Naturally the task of preparing a book of this kind has required much time and labor which we have willingly furnished on our part for the benefit of the class. We earnestly hope that you will take this into consideration so far as criticism is concerned, and also remember that all of us are only human and therefore subject to error. We have endeavored to make this Class Book as entertaining and interesting as possible with the consideration of its priceless value in future years. As valuable antiques connect the bygone ages with the present, this book may some time serve a similar delightful purpose. In future years when we shall be widely separated as a class, we shall probably fully realize the value of our Class Book as a means of reunion with the pleasant acquaintances and happy incidents of our high school years.

Class of 1926 A

MOTTO

"Hodie, non cras"

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CLASS BOOK 1926A—THOMAS SNELL WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL



NORINNE K. AUGER

"Norry"

"Our Norinne's a salad; for in her we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar and saltiness agree."

Northwest School; Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4), Vice-President (3), President (4); Girls' Glee Club (3, 4), President (4); Choir (2, 3, 4), Chairman of Choir Committee (4); Girls' League (3, 4); "Lookout" (4); Class Book Editorial Board; Class Essayist; Never tardy.

Perhaps you've never been late. "Norry," but how often did you stay out and just come in the fifth period for Chem?

DOROTHY M. BARRETT

"Dot"

"Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (3, 4); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4), Secretary (3), President (4); Girls' League (3, 4), Secretary and Vice-President (3), President (4); Classical Club (3); "Owlet" (3); Class Treasurer.

You certainly did heaps for the class, "Dot," and we all appreciate you.

MARY K. BARRETT

"Dimples"

"In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4), Treasurer (4); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4), Vice-President and Treasurer (4); Classical Club (3, 4).

We love your smile, Mary, and we simply adore your freckles. Won't you please relieve our curiosity about that little gold football?

PAUL K. BIDWELL

"Biddy"

"Behold me! I am worthy of thy loving, for I love me."

Bloomfield Grammar School; Student Council (2, 3), Secretary (3), Vice-President (3); Basketball Team (2, 3, 4), Acting Football Manager (3); Glee Club (3, 4), Vice-President (4); Choir (2, 3, 4), Choir Committee; "Owlet" Board (2, 3), Circulation Manager (2), Business Manager (3), Business Manager of Handbook (3); Chairman of Class Ring Committee; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Biddy" has the most wicked habit of slipping into his seat just a second before the last bell. Aside from this, he's just about six feet of "good fellow."

CLASS BOOK 1926A—THOMAS SNELL WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL

MORRIS BLOOM

"Moy"

"Everything that is unknown is taken to be good."

Arsenal School; Choir (2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Boys' Commercial Club (3, 4); Basketball Squad (4).

Since you are a late arrival and practically unknown to most of us, we shall not disturb your past merits or demerits, but we wish you the best of luck in your future adventures.

DIXWELL T. BURNHAM

"Dixie"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Northwest School; Radio Club (4), Secretary-Treasurer (4); Rifle Club (3); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

Never mind, "Dixie," when you're a big man, we know you won't be so bashful.

EDWARD J. BURNS

"Eddie"

"Wit, now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark."

Public School 102, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dramatic Club (4), Secretary (4), "Honor Bright" (4), "The Mourner" (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Historian; Class Book Editorial Board; Junior Usher (3).

Oh "Eddie!" What would you do without that pipe of yours? Did you contract the habit in "Honor Bright?" I believe you would be intellectually incapable without it.

CHARLOTTE CHESSMAN

"Charley"

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Henry Barnard School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3); Girls' League (2, 3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Ingleside Club (3).

We often feared that you might drown in those marvelous waves, "Charley." Where did you say you were going to spend your honeymoon? Bermuda, too?





PAUL M. CHRISTENSON

"Christie"

"But clay and clay differ in dignity, whose dust is both alike."

Northeast School; Junior Usher (3); Assistant Business Manager of Class Book (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

Have you ever noticed "Christie's" walk? With that martial tread of his, we wouldn't be a bit surprised to see him in brass buttons some fine day.

PEARL O. COHEN

"Pat"

"How pretty her blushing was, and how she blushed again."

Arsenal School; Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); Classical Club (3); Girls' League (3, 4).

That hair was a nuisance. Right. "Pat." So hard to grow, and such a temptation to have it cut off again. You sure ought to know that geometry book by heart.

SAMUEL HILLEY COHEN

"Mookie"

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity a child."

Arsenal School; Debating Club (3, 4), Treasurer (4); Commercial Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

We don't believe that "Mookie" could ever be awakened from his dreamy reverie by anything short of an earthquake. However, for our sake, let him dream on undisturbed.

SAMUEL HENRY COHEN

"Slim"

"How now, my lord! Why do you keep alone?"

Henry Barnard School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Slim" isn't very active in school affairs, but he has good reason not to be. His silence speaks for himself.

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DORANCE E. COLES

"Dot"

"View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
When he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own."

Northeast School; H. P. H. S. Boys' Club (1); H. P. H. S. Student Council (2); W. H. S. Student Council (3), Executive Committee (3); Science Club (3, 4), Executive Committee (4); Dramatic Club (3, 4), Publicity Manager (3), President (4), Stage Manager (4), "Roister Doister" (3), "Honor Bright" (4), "The Mourner" (4); Chairman of the Reception Committee (4); Junior Usher (3); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Dot" has a fine psychology of life. He is serious when there is need to be serious, but, when there is no need, he's well, you know what we mean.

LORETTA COLLARD

"Ruzzy"

"T'was kin' o' kingdom come to look on sech a blessed cretur."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Leading part in "The Mourner."

Gee, you're a peach, "Ruzzy"—never cross and so cute.

MARGERET CONNERTON

"Peggy"

"Like—but oh! how different."

Northeast School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Ingleside Club (3); Girls' League (3, 4).

We never got to know you so very well, "Peg", but you always had a smile for everyone anyway.

CLARENCE W. CRANE

"Cranie"

"And I will sit as quiet as a lamb,
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word."

Northwest School; Class Book Business Board; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Buttercup" would be a better suited nickname, for in reality, "Cranie" is just a little baby amidst a flock of misunderstanding elephants.





MARIAN E. DAVIS

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me."

Northeast School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4).

Did we ever see Marian without Peggy? And aren't they a lot alike, too?

SARAH DU BROW

"Sally"

"A merry heart goes all the day."

Northeast School; Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (1, 2, 3, 4).

You have a good heart, "Sally", even if some of your jokes aren't so very, very funny.

BARBARA G. DUNCAN

"Bob"

"I never dare to write as funny as I am."

Northwest School; Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3); Girls' Glee Club (2); Girls' League (3, 4); Choir (4); "Owlet" Business Board (3); "Chronicle" Editorial Board (4); Class Book Editorial Board.

"Bobbie" we're going to miss you when you go down South, but at last there won't be any ice down there for you to fall through. In future years we'll be looking for your name among the prominent poets of the day.

KENNETH C. ELDRIDGE

"Ken"

"Thy voice is a celestial melody."

Peabody Grammar School, Petersburg, Va.; Choir (2, 3, 4).

"Ken" has a wonderful voice. Anyone, who has had the most excellent fortune of hearing it, will verify this statement. And he is a pianist, too.

CLASS BOOK 1926A—THOMAS SNELL WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL

MYER ELLOVICH

"Lux"

"It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us."

Northwest School; H. P. H. S. Boys' Club (2); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4), President (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4), President (3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Baseball Team (3, 4); Basketball Team (2, 3, 4); Football Team (2, 3, 4), Captain (2, 3).

There is no mistaking "Lux." Once you know him, on the field of athletics or otherwise, you have a great deal of respect for him.

JAMES B. FELLOWS

"Red"

"We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we die before we laugh at all."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Weaver Business Manager of "Chronicle" (4); Commercial Club; Radio Club; Business Manager of Class Book.

"Red" is a fellow who invariably lives up to his creed, and as we have previously told this to you, you will understand what we mean when it is said that it cost him quite a few demerits.

MINNIE FINKELSTEIN

"Min"

"Zealous, yet modest."

Arsenal School; Athletic Association (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); French Club (3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3).

You're another one of those quiet, little girls. You don't make much commotion, but, oh, "Min!"

DOROTHY E. FOWLER

"Dickie"

"Oh! She will sing the savageness out of a bear."

Northeast School; Tawasi Club (1), President (1); Girls' Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Girls' League (2, 3, 4), Cheerleader (4); Interior Decorating Club (2, 3, 4); Arts-Craft Club (2, 3); Dramatic Club (3, 4); Leading part in "The Merry, Merry, Cuckoo"; Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); "Chronicle" (4); "Owlet" (3); Class Book Editorial Board.

By the looks of your list, "Dickie," you were some busy and we don't mean maybe. We most fainted the morning you came in before the last bell.





BELLA FREEDMAN

"Belle"

"Oh! I am stabb'd with laughter!"

Northwest School; Athletic Association (3, 4); French Club (3, 4); Classical Club (3, 4); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); Upper Choir (2, 3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4).

It was a neck-to-neck race, between you and Annie for the silliest child in the class. Will we ever forget the day you substituted for Miss Dutting?

NATHAN FRIEDMAN

"Nat"

"Et tu, Brute?"

Henry Barnard School; Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Librarian; Glee Club; Choir (2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Boys' Club (2); Concertmaster of Orchestra.

Say, "Nat," that captivating jazz tie of yours is quite an asset. We wonder how you would look in a Tuxedo, though.

BERTHA GLOTZER

"Toby"

"Oh, keep me innocent, make others great."

Brown School; Athletic Association (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Classical Club (3, 4).

Talk about credulous! We'll bet you'd believe the earth was made of Swiss cheese if we told you so, "Bert."

SADIE GOLDBERG

"Sid"

"Idleness is an appendix to nobility."

Northeast School; Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Choir (3, 4).

Sadie, what did you do in school until five o'clock every night? Was it love of the old school?

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SARAH H. GOLDBERG

"Patience and Gentleness is power."

Northeast School; Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Athletic Association (4).

All the class unites in good wishes for your future success, Sarah.

SOLOMON GOLDBERG

"Wop"

"Quicker 'n lightnin' an' then some."

Arsenal School; Basketball Team (3, 4), Captain (3); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

"Wop's" a slow fellow in some ways, but "Oh boy" when he struts on the hardwood floor just excuse his dust.

EDWIN J. GREENE

"Ed"

"And he was always quietly arrayed."

Northwest School; Science Club (3, 4), Secretary (4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Student Council (3); "The Chronicle" (3, 4), Editor-in-Chief (4); Junior Usher; First Scholarship Prize (3); Editor-in-Chief of the Class Book; Salutatorian; Never tardy.

Well, "Ed," someone seems to be bestowing some honors on you and you well deserve them. Although you have been almost too quiet at times, anyone who has been so loyal to his school as you have been, well deserves credit.

GERTRUDE HONER

"Trudy"

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever."

Northwest School; Girls' League (3, 4); Arts-Crafts Club (2, 3); Sketch Club (2); Dramatic Club (3, 4), Executive Committee (4), "Honor Bright" (3), Leading part in "The Florist Shop" (4); Class Prophetess.

"Trudy," it is good to be alive, especially when you are near. You certainly do make a cute stenographer—oh, those stockings!





FRANCES I. HOYE

"Frannie"

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Northwest School; Caroline Hewins Literary Society (4); French Club (3, 4), Treasurer (3); Dramatic Club (3, 4), Vice-President and Treasurer (4), "Three Live Ghosts" (3), "The Florist Shop" (4); Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Second Scholarship Prize (3, 4); Student Council (2, 3); Girls' League (3, 4); Class Book Business Board.

Frances, judging by the list of your activities, one wouldn't think you had time to study—but, Great Scott, they should listen to your recitations.

ISRAEL HYMAN

"Yellie"

"His hair was such a puzzle."

Arsenal School; Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Basketball Team (3, 4).

Well, you sure did surprise us all, "Yellie", by your fine playing the night Torrington was here. We almost forgot your hair in our ecstasy.

ADA I. JACKLYN

"Jackie"

"As merry as the day is long."

Northeast School; Arts-Crafts Club (3, 4); Classical Club; Girls' Leaders' Corps (4); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4).

Did you ever see anyone who could use her eyes to such advantage as Ada? The Leaders' Corps wouldn't be the same without "Jackie."

LESLIE JOHNSON

"Les"

"My clothes are my pride."

Northeast School; French Club (2, 3); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Boys' Glee Club (2); History-Civics Club (3).

Oh, Leslie! Were you late today? No, not today? Then it's a miracle.

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SIDNEY A. KAPLAN

"Kappie"

"The dancers crowded around him,
And many a sweet thing said."

Arsenal School; Boys' Debating Club (4); Boys' Glee Club (4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Classical Club (3, 4); Assistant Baseball Manager (3); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4).

We shall always remember you as one of our best talkers, "Kappie." How will you ever get along without exchanging mysterious glances with your congenial playmate, "Lux?"

GRAYCE KEARNS

"The world loves a spice of wickedness."

Northwest School; Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Girls' Glee Club (3); Choir (2, 3, 4); Girls' Leaders' Corps (2).

Grayce, such a naughty little flirt as you ought not to be allowed near Harvard, but we wish you the best of luck at Simmons, nevertheless.

MARIAN KELLEY

"When a girl views the gym as a pleasure resort,
And is really quite crazy about it,
Is it all love of class? Is it pure love of sport?
Well that may be it, but I doubt it."

Northwest School; Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' Leaders' Corps (3, 4); Ingleside Club (4); Arts-Crafts Club (4); Basketball Team (2, 3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4).

Marian is a peach of a sport. We haven't many better in the class.

HARRY KLEINMAN

"Harry Carey"

"Then he will talk!"

Arsenal School; Glee Club (2, 3, 4); French Club (3, 4); Debating Club (3, 4), Vice-President (4); Classical Club (3, 4), Vice-President (4); Football Squad (4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4).

Harry, our orator! You are well qualified, I assure you, for there is no one in all the school who can utter so many words in so short a time.



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MARY LAVITT

"So thou be good, slander doth but approve thy worth the greater."

Bellevue Junior High School, Richmond, Va.; Girls' League (4); Athletic Association (4).

Mary is the class mouse, but her peeps are often heard in wisdom's power.

HYMAN LIBERMAN

"Smoke"

"A stalwart lad was he."

Northeast School; French Club (4); Rifle Club (3); Science Club (3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Boys' Glee Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

From your nickname one might think you would almost fade away, but one has only to gaze on you to find that quite the opposite is true. We admire your independence, "Smoke!"

LILLIAN J. LONDON

"Lil"

"I conversation overhear never, with important air."

Alfred E. Burr School; Girls' Glee Club (3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (4).

We hear Lillian seldom, but when she speaks—all hark!

RUTH MILES LONG

"Ruthie"

"She has a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

Northeast School; Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Dramatic Club (4), "The Mourner" (4); "Look-out" Editorial Board.

"Ruthie," you're a peach, and it's been lovely having you with us these four years.

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MARGARET LYNCH

"Marge"

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

Northwest School; Girls' League (3, 4), Executive Committee (3), Treasurer (4A); Classical Club (3), Executive Committee (4A); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); French Club (4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Girls' Leaders Corps (3, 4); Girls' Basketball (4); "Lookout" Editorial Board (4B); Girls' League "School Revue" (4B).

"Marge" glories in dumbbells (in the gym) and bucks, to say nothing of ropes and horses, besides playing basketball. Some athletes we have can't measure up to her.

ROSE MANILLI

"My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain."

Arsenal School; Girls' Business Club (4); Girls' League (3); Athletic Association (3, 4).

Will you always be as quiet as you were in Weaver? Our wish for you is that in the future your success may reach the highest pinnacle.

E. FLORENCE MARGOLIS

"Red"

"Good at a fight, but better at a play."

Northwest School; Classical Club (3, 4), President (4), Executive Committee (3); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); Student Council (3); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (3); "Owlet" Editorial Board (4A); "Lookout" Editorial Board (4B); Yearly Honor Roll (3); Class Book Business Board.

"Red" has become a sleuth in the matter of getting copy for the paper. Didn't you enjoy senior English, though?

R. THOMAS MAZZUCCHI

"Tommy"

"He's got taking ways."

Northeast School; Choir (2, 3, 4); Boys' Glee Club (3, 4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Dramatic Club (4), "The Florist Shop" (4).

"Tommy", you are another one of those boys who take six subjects to make up a lost half-year. Let's hope you always have someone handy who has pencils and paper to satisfy you. Mr. Crowell's English Lit. class can give evidence to that. However, we must give you credit for your work as Mr. Slovisky.



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WILLIAM McCOMBE

"Pinky"

"Red and fiery and very wiry."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball Team (3, 4).

Well, "Pinky," it seems as though it were only the other day that you were doing your stuff on the diamond. You were not very big, to be sure, old boy, but oh what a flash on grounders!

HOWARD E. MILLOT

"Frenchy"

"You had but to gaze in his face to find the true expression of the master."

Northeast School; Commercial Club (4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4).

We don't imagine that you will ever be a money collector, "Frenchy," but you sure became a master of the art down in the lunchroom.

MIRIAM PODNETSKY

"Mins"

"She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonny wee thing,
This sweet little friend of ours."

Northeast School; Classical Club (3, 4), Executive Committee (3), Secretary (4); Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' League "School Revue" (4B); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); French Club (3, 4), Secretary (4A), Executive Committee (4B); Athletic Association (3, 4); Class Historian.

Our historian is just irresistible, a fact of which she is wholly ignorant, to be sure? Great things are expected of you just the same, my little 'un.

KENNETH ROBINSON

"Knockout"

"His nickname is 'Knock-out'
A nickname to dare,
But its meaning is void
Where the sex is so fair."

Northwest School; Orchestra (4); Rifle Club (4); Debating Club (3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4).

Don't you see your resemblance to Tom Mix? Maybe! But your nickname doesn't prove it. It ought to be Dempsey.

PAULINE ROSEN

"Paul"

"Deep brown eyes running over with glee—
Blue eyes are pale and grey eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."

Northeast School; Girls' League (3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4);
Girls' Glee Club (2, 3, 4); "Lookout" Staff (4B).

Pauline is one of the more quiet (?) ones of our class,
except at Glee Club meetings. "Paul" raves for "Lookout"
meetings on Wednesdays, especially when she has been
assigned "Choir Notes."

MAX ROSENBLUM

"Red"

"A very snappy boy is 'Red'
Whose freckles match his fiery head."

Northwest School; Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Choir (2, 3, 4);
Commercial Club (2); French Club (2).

Oh, "Red!" From some of the portrayals of nerve that
you have displayed we figure that you need no nerve tonic.
Well, keep it up, but you may die young.

WILLIAM ROSENFELD

"Rosy"

"So much of beauty tortures me."

Arsenal School; H. P. H. S. Boys' Club (2); Boys' Com-
mercial Club (3, 4), Vice-President (4); Athletic Association
(1, 2, 3, 4).

In the role of detective, "Rosy," your logic was O. K.,
but as "Our William"—well, we have our doubts.

WILLIAM F. O'ROURKE

"Billie"

"Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe."

St. Joseph's School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4);
H. P. H. S. Boys' Club (2); Leaders' Corps (2, 3), Vice-
President (3); Cheerleader (4); Class Prophet.

Perhaps we will soon see on the stage "Billie & Co. in
the Fairy Dance." For with that wicked part of yours and
your dancing ability the path to fame should be short and
narrow. But as our jumping cheerleader, "Billie," your
fame is already confirmed.



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ROSE SALTZMAN

"And still be doing, never done."

Northeast School; Choir (2, 3, 4); Girls' Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' Leaders' Corps (4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); French Club (4); Athletic Association (3, 4).

Rose acquired a wonderful habit of learning (?) lessons during Choir for which she ought to be given a prize of four A's.

CECELIA H. SANOFSKY

"I loved you for the winning charm
That brought gay sunshine to the land."

Northeast School; Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Ingleside Club (3); Athletic Association (2, 3).

Cecelia is our bashful member, but we love her just the same.

LILLIAN SCHWARTZ

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

Northeast School; Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' League "Revue" (4B); Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3A); La Societe Francaise (3, 4), Vice-President (3B, 4A), Secretary (4B); Classical Club (3, 4), Executive Committee (3), Secretary (4A); Athletic Association (3, 4); Student Council (1, 3), Executive Committee (3); First Scholarship Prize (4); Never tardy; Valedictorian.

After having been begged not to mention books or studies, there's nothing left but clubs, and Lillian's membership list speaks for itself, so what shall we say?

MANUEL SEGAL

"Manny"

"The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more."

Northeast School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Boys' Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Orchestra (2, 3, 4).

"Manny", we would like to know what you will do without your drum to bang on. I suppose you will also hold a seat in the Philharmonic as your brother does, and that will make it quite a family affair.

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MATILDA SHAFER

"Tillie"

"Peacocks shall bow to you
Little boys sing."

Henry Barnard School; Girls' Glee Club (2, 3); Choir (2, 3, 4); Tawasi Club (1, 2, 3); Ingleside Club (3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4).

When it comes to a Civics report, Matilda is always on the job. Wasn't it a job, "Tillie", letting your hair grow?

OSCAR SIGAL

"Occy"

"They always talk who never think."

Northeast School; Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Football (2, 3, 4); Baseball Manager (4).

Well, "Occy", let's hope you don't break any more book cases by throwing books around. You know it is quite an expensive sport.

EVELYN ADA SMITH

"Addie"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Pawlet, Vermont, Grammar School; Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4).

Evelyn told us that she didn't wish to humiliate the members of '26A by mentioning all the clubs that she belongs to. Of course this was confidential, you know! "Addie" never has much to say, but we rather suspect that the Hartford Hospital will be rushed when she enters its portals as a nurse.

DOROTHY ABBE SNOW

"Dot"

"The sweetest thing that ever grew beside a human door."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Arts-Crafts Club (3, 4), Treasurer (3, 4); Ingleside Club (2).

Cheerfulness is this "fayre lady's" middle name. We may expect great things in the art line from "Dot." (This is a compliment and not a brickbat, if you please.)





ELLIOT B. STEELE

"Ell"

"Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is, alone;
All other pastimes do not less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do;
So I can fish and study too."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4);
Junior Usher (3).

"Ell", although you never make yourself conspicuous, you
are right there with the "goods." But, I'm afraid you like
your fishing too much.

ANNE STONE

"Annie"

"I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow,
I love to hear my giggle
Everywhere I go."

Northwest School; Classical Club (3, 4), Executive Com-
mittee (3); Girls' Glee Club (3, 4), Vice-President (4); Choir
(2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4),
Executive Committee (3); Girls' League "School Revue" (4).

"Annie" and "Bella" are as widely famed for their team-
work in giggling as are Mutt and Jeff, but everyone doesn't
know that Anne is rivaling "Dunc" in the art of writing
verse.

EVERETT P. STRONG

"Bud"

"He was a gentleman from sole to crown."

Northwest School; Choir (2, 3, 4); Football (2, 3).

We have heard some fine remarks about your dancing,
"Bud," so we are taking the opportunity to compliment you
here. Didn't you and "Gay" have some grand times to-
gether in W. H. S. though?

BLANCHE SUSMAN

"Brunchey"

"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind,
Snowhid in Janooary."

Transferred from Bridgeport High School; Girls' League
(3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Glee Club (3); Choir
(3, 4).

Blanche thinks that Weaver surpasses Bridgeport High,
and for more reasons than one! Rather lost, though, aren't
you, "Brunchey," without Sylvia Gladstein?

JENNIE TULMAN

"Laugh and be fat."

Northwest School; Girls' League (3, 4); Catherine Hewins Literary Society (3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); French Club (3, 4), Executive Committee (3), Vice-President (4); Never late; No demerits.

Jennie, although you've never been late and haven't had any demerits, you are really not as angelic as it would be supposed. Since reading your autograph book, we've come to the conclusion that you are quite an English "shark."

AGNES TUTTLE

"Ag"

"Thy wit's as quick as the Greyhound's mouth, it catches."

Northwest School; Caroline Hewins Literary Society (3); Girls' Business Club (4); Arts-Crafts Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Athletic Association (4).

On with the Charleston, eh, but don't stamp too hard. You're a real live-wire dancer, Agnes, and you deserve honorable mention in "Hooz Hoo."

ELIZABETH S. TUTTLE

"Betty"

"Oh love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his bizness."

Northwest School; Girls' Glee Club (4); Choir (2, 3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Ingleside Club (3).

We were quite surprised to find that you were going to graduate with us, "Betty." Hear you're going to Bradford. Best of luck!

EDITH VOGEL

"Edie"

"'Edie' surely is awfully prudent,
Burns oil at night like the Trinity student."

Chauncey Harris School; Ingleside Club (3, 4); Athletic Association (3, 4); Girls' League (4).

"Edie," you quite surprised us by your fine work this last term. We also admire your perfect deportment record. Keep it up!



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ELEANOR M. WARD

"Nan"

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet."

Northeast School; Choir (2, 3, 4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Ingleside Club (3); Girls' Glee Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Class Book Business Board.

"Nan", you are without doubt the best dancer in the class. The class decision on this point was practically unanimous. I suppose we'll see you some day in Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies.

CHARLES WARSHAWSKY

"Charlie"

"A man who knows his mind."

Northeast School; Science Club (4); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Junior Usher; Class Book Editorial Board.

No, "Charlie", we aren't going to initiate you into the Royal Order of Solemn Mind Readers, but we do admire the way you take care of yourself at all times.

LENA H. WEINSTEIN

"Libby"

"A child of our grandmother Eve, a female;
Or, for thy sweet understanding, a woman."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Girls' Business Club (3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4); Girls' League "Revue" (4); Ingleside Club, Bazaar Committee (4).

Well "Libby", if lateness were an asset, you'd be a multi-millionaire.

MARGARET C. WILCOX

"Miggie"

"She walks in beauty, like the night."

Northwest School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); Student Council (2, 3); Girls' Basketball Team (2, 3, 4); Girls' League (3, 4).

Some basketball player, "Miggie!" Wish you luck at Dana Hall.

J. EARL WILLIAMS

"Big Boy"

"I see that fashion wears out more apparel than the men."

Northwest School; H. P. H. S. Boys' Club (1, 2); H. P. H. S. Student Council (1); Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4); W. H. S. Student Council (3); Dramatic Club (2, 3, 4). "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo" (4); Football (4); Class Marshal.

"Big Boy", you are one of our best fellows and quite popular with both sexes. Even though you are a sweet dresser and the "Pineapple of Politeness", you are no slacker when it comes to real work.

HARRY WISE

"Chick"

"Last, but not least."

Northeast School; Boys' Glee Club (2); Choir (2, 3); Classical Club (3, 4), Charter Member; French Club (3, 4), Charter Member, President of Executive Committee (4).

You certainly did amuse us with those nonsensical questions of yours, and some even regarded you as silly, but they just didn't know you, n'est-ce pas, "Chick?"



JONATHAN E. SWIFT

"John"

"Among us, but not of us."

Northeast School; Athletic Association (1, 2, 3, 4).

John is one of those fellows who is so quiet that you never know he's around. However, when you know him real well, he is quite a good fellow.



Graduation Program

Salutatory.....	<i>Edwin John Greene</i>
Faces in the Study Hall.....	<i>Bella Freedman</i>
Coal Shortages and What They Mean.....	<i>Hyman Eli Lieberman</i>
Cheap.....	<i>Barbara Gertrude Duncan</i>
Music by the Weaver High School Orchestra	
Neighborhood Discords.....	<i>Samuel Hilley Cohen</i>
A Thing that is Lovely.....	<i>Pearl Older Cohen</i>
European Signs of Lasting Peace.....	<i>Harry Wise</i>
Valedictory.....	<i>Lillian Louise Schwartz</i>
Music by the Weaver High School Orchestra	
Presentation of Diplomas.....	<i>Mr. Fred D. Wish, Superintendent of Schools</i>

Class Night Program

Address of Welcome.....	<i>Paul Kenneth Bidwell</i>
Oration.....	<i>Harry Herbert Kleinnian</i>
Song.....	<i>The Class</i>
Words by Elinor Florence Margolis	
Music by Pearl Older Cohen	
Essay.....	<i>Norinne Katherine Auger</i>
History.....	<i>Miriam Podnetsky and Edward Jerome Burns</i>
Song.....	<i>The Class</i>
Words by Jennie Tulman	
Music by Minnie Finkelstein	
Prophecy.....	<i>Gertrude Roberta Honer and William Francis O'Rourke</i>
School Song.....	<i>The Class</i>
Words and music by Rosalind Feldman	

Chairman's Address

CLASSMATES, PARENTS AND FRIENDS:

It is a time-honored custom observed by most high schools of today to set aside one night during graduation week for class festivities. Three reasons might be mentioned as justifying this departure from the more serious and formal exercises which mark so important an occasion.

In the first place, since the class is soon to be disbanded and those bonds of lasting friendship which have encircled us for so many years, are to be dissolved, we would like to meet informally once more as a class.

Secondly, inasmuch as there are enrolled among the members of the class some students who possess unusual talent in various capacities, we have considered it a fitting opportunity to allow those of genius to display it.

And then, we wish to have with us our parents and friends who have made possible for us these four years, filled with happy and unforgettable experiences.

You now know why we hold Class Night; you should also be informed beforehand concerning what you may expect. The program will consist of the Class History, Prophecy, Essay, and Oration, the Class Song and other numbers.

And so, at this time, we, of the Class of 1926A, take great pleasure in bidding you welcome and we hope that you may enjoy with us our Class Night program.

PAUL K. BIDWELL.

Class Oration

YOUTH AND CRIME

IF you and I were asked what the most common thing in the world was, the most obvious answer would be crime. Crime has been in existence ever since the beginning of civilization, and it will continue as long as civilization exists. Nevertheless the \$3,000,000,000 that the United States pays each year because of lawbreaking can be lessened by a thorough study of crime. Who must make this study? You, I, all of us, and especially young people, since statistics show that there are a great many youthful criminals.

It is generally thought by a great many people that the World War is the cause of the juvenile crime wave. When we come to consider the situation carefully, the most obvious answer is that the motion pictures and the automobile, especially when combined with drink, are the fundamental reasons for the lawlessness of the present youth. One must not, however, jump to the conclusion that all young people are lawless. I shall now proceed to analyze the fundamental reasons for crime.

One of the most potent reasons for youthful crime is the motion pictures. Young people go to the theatres, and form new opinions and new ideas. Not all pictures are bad, but there are a sufficient number of bad ones that have harmful effects. Boys and girls go to a show primarily for entertainment, and they get it. However, do they get the right sort of amusement? Sometimes they do, but most of the time they don't. They see pictures where defiance of the law is glorified, and where a halo is placed around the crook, who happens to be the hero and reforms later. The youthful mind is very impressionable, and when a boy sees such pictures, he receives a mental picture which cannot be eradicated. The first opportunity he gets he may try to imitate the crook hero. The result is invariably the same. He is caught and sent to reform school, if he is sentenced by a judge that is not sympathetic and understanding. He is bitter against everybody because he has been caught. Unless some kindly person takes the youth under his wing, is there not the strongest possibility that he will become a real crook and a menace to society?

The prevalence of intoxication and the consequent disasters among young people is largely the result of prohibition. I am not stating whether the Prohibition Act will eventually be for good or bad, but I am simply analyzing one of its present results. The young people of all ages have shown off and the present age is no exception. Before prohibition was enacted there was less intoxication than now. The reason is that when liquor could be got freely the young people didn't care much for it; now it is hard to get, so they think it smart to carry a flask on the

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hip and take it to all social affairs. Have you not heard them boast how their bootlegger delivers to them the "real goods?" They don't mean it, because it is simply an outburst of youth—youth that loves to rant and boast.

Intoxication and the automobile form a dangerous combination when they come together, as is the case many a time nowadays. The automobile is certainly one of the greatest inventions conceived by the mind of man, but when a speeding machine is controlled by an intoxicated youth, it becomes a dangerous projectile. A great many times before young people go riding they are intoxicated. The inevitable result is a wreck. It is indeed a rare occurrence when we can pick up a newspaper without reading about some young people's being injured in a wreck because the driver was intoxicated. If the young driver causes the injury of someone else, the thought that he was responsible will haunt him the rest of his life. If he drives away without assuming his responsibility, he will live in constant terror of the law. Which is worse?

All this intoxication and automobile wrecking is due to one thing, which is the getting away of the young people from the helpful influence of the home. They get the family automobile after they have nagged and pestered the life out of their parents. The parents, always wishing the best for their children, finally yield to entreaty, in spite of their common sense and reasoning. Then what happens I have explained. After they have got into some scrape, the parents reprove their children for betraying their trust in them. They intend this reproof all for the good of their offspring, but the children do not take it in the right way. The soul of a young person is susceptible to every outside influence with which it comes in contact. Most of the time thereafter he doesn't care what he does and may get into some trouble which he will always regret. He blames his parents for his condition never dreaming that he was indirectly the cause of his misfortune.

When we come to consider this matter carefully, we want to realize that this age is not the only age during which youth has been called dissolute. Everybody who is familiar with the social life of the young people in the later Roman Empire, in the reign of the English Stuarts, and of the French Bourbons, knows that this is simply a recurrence of the never-ending struggle of youth to learn for itself. In those times there were as many young people who went about their daily routine as there were of those who were dissolute. So it is today. The vast majority of the young people of today are those who go quietly about their work without attracting attention.

This majority do not realize one opportunity that they have to help along other youths of the same age. If everybody took the faults of youth seriously instead of jokingly, there would probably be less crime among young people. Everything has its funny side. It is very easy for a young person who himself does no wrong to laugh at the misdemeanors of a movie hero or a drunken man. But anything that is of as vital importance as the present wave of lawlessness should be treated with thought. After all public opinion is the most powerful force in this country and the young people of today will make the opinion of tomorrow.

HARRY KLEINMAN

Class Essay

PERHAPS

IN the English language, although there are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, the combinations of these twenty-six are often very strange. It has been truly said "if" is the longest word in our language. After careful consideration of all competitive words, such as "no", "yes", "eat", "home", "book", and numerous others, I have come to the weighty conclusion that "perhaps" takes second place as the next longest in the language.

"Perhaps" has the power to raise a human being to the heights of ambition, or to drag him to the depths of disappointment. It expresses hope, doubt, resignation, and joy, but very seldom does it express all these feelings at once. In the tone in which it is spoken, and in the significance which it thus takes on, this little word varies according to a person's age. So let us first consider the old man.

For two weeks, it has seemed as if spring has at last arrived. The old man lying on the cot beside the open window is drinking in deep breaths of the fresh morning air. He is closely watching every move of the robins that he can see in a nest in the old pear tree beside the window. The birds are quite friendly, and give him much pleasure during the long days. But his thoughts are far off, on a little cottage, where perhaps * * *. He sighs and turns over, for it is so hard to think of that. Since the first blurred days after the accident, old Joe has had another "perhaps." Perhaps he may get well, and go back to his cottage, and his wife. It has been his one comfort, and the only thing that has kept him up. But now, spring has come once more, and he is still in the large hospital. Perhaps——?

A life hung on old Joe's "perhaps", but in the business life of man today, the word is employed far differently. Every hour of the day brings either its spoken or unspoken "perhaps." It is oftentimes the man's gambling instinct which makes him use it. He begins the day with a "perhaps" to his secretary. His coffee had sour cream in it, and he isn't in a genial mood. (It happens in the best regulated families, you know. She waits until he has forgotten the coffee before asking for an extra hour at lunch. The hour is for a marcel. "Oh, well, perhaps you can have it," comes absent-mindedly from behind the morning paper. The first displeasure of the day arrives with the answer of "perhaps" from a lawyer whom he has asked to play golf. He gets a report of the stock market, and there is another "perhaps" concerning some bonds which he should sell. Again, there comes an invitation to play in a foursome that afternoon, and such is the way of human nature, he ardently hopes that the lawyer's "perhaps" will become "no." In the afternoon, his wife telephones to tell him that Bob Jones has asked him and the rest of the fellows over to hear a radio concert that evening, and in answer to her query as to whether he can get home in time, he drawls out, "Perhaps, I'll see," hoping that a more desirable plan will arise.

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As we now come down the scale, and reach the age "where the brook and river meet," the little word is just becoming troublesome. Jane, or Betty, or Mary, aged seventeen, still utter it in a light, frivolous tone with little meaning behind it, but Jane is beginning to have a little pucker between her eyes just because of one "perhaps." For many months, graduation has been her big "may be." Now there are only three weeks left, three weeks before her great distraction will be no longer. The time flies rapidly until one week before the fatal day. "Perhaps" stands out in capital letters, great, large letters, everywhere the girl looks. "Miss Brown, give me a sentence expressing doubt," suddenly startles her out of her dream.

For once, Miss Jane Brown's mind works rapidly, "Perhaps I won't graduate."

The teacher's series of coughs that follow give one the impression that her handkerchief is only a subterfuge, behind which she is hiding many smiles, but she adds kindly, "And perhaps you will."

To the school boy of twelve odd years, "perhaps" is like the sight of land to a lost crew, a place of refuge. Jack's class has been told to study the conjugations of several verbs during recess, and Jack in his own fashion accordingly has, "Gosh, don't you love to shoot 'mibs,' Jack? Lookit all I won!" Jack answers with a grin, but that "ole techer" can't understand that "mibs" are such great fun, and that conjugations aren't. Thus, when the bell rings for class, Jack's only hope is in a "Perhaps she won't get round to me." He enters the class with such a debonair and an indifferent air, as only a boy of twelve with freckles and red hair can muster. After all preliminaries are over, all too soon, the boy begins to wonder if "perhaps" is the best way. "John, conjugate 'love' in the present indicative."

"I love,—huh—you love—um—huh—, he loves—," at which his voice trailed to nothing. "Perhaps" didn't succeed, but Jack is ready to try it all once again.

Even the baby of two or three years has learned the significance of "perhaps." His mother knows that it is very effective in trying times, either as an appeal or as a punishment. To appreciate this, you should know little Billy. For one whole afternoon the child has been so angelic that his mother fears for the worst. After she has sent him into the backyard to play, everything has gone well for a half hour. Suddenly there arise the most ear-splitting shrieks, as if all Bedlam has been turned loose. Billy has the old cat by the tail, trying to see how long and how fast he can swing him. In desperation, his mother threatens, "Perhaps Santa Claus won't visit a naughty little boy's house." Perhaps Santa wouldn't bring him anything! The thought is so new and startling that the child is more sober-faced than he has ever been before. That "perhaps" meant a lot of hard labor for the little chap, but you may be sure that the good old Saint didn't forget him.

My last example is a very simple, but most important one. It touches everybody present, and yet can easily be understood. Perhaps you have liked this, and perhaps you have not.

NORINNE K. AUGER

Class History

Setting—A home.

Time—1941, fifteen years after graduation.

A young lady is seated embroidering. After a short interval of quietness, the door bell rings and the young lady gets up to answer it. She soon returns with a friend, Edward Burns, whom she is very glad to see.

Miriam Podnetsky—"Well, isn't it nice to see you, Edward! Come, sit down and tell me how everything is."

Edward Burns—"Well, Miriam, this isn't going to be altogether a social call, but partly a business one. I came to see you this evening in reference to that new organization."

M. P.—"New organization? And which one is that?"

E. B.—"Oh, you haven't heard yet? I take great pleasure in presenting to you the first president of the U. F. M. W. P. S. U. G." (*With a bow.*)

M. P.—"What! Please explain."

E. B. (proudly)—"That alphabet stands for the United Forces of Men and Women for the Prevention of Spreading Unnecessary Germs."

M. P.—"Well, I certainly wish you success in this work."

E. B.—"With your help, I'm sure I shall be successful. My main purpose in calling tonight was to let you know of the honor conferred upon you. You are to be one of the canvassers for this worthy movement."

M. P.—"Really I am flattered. Just what will be required of me?"

E. B.—"Well, first of all you will have to visit some people to invite them to join us in this work. Before you do that, you will have to know about our aims and purposes. Here are some pamphlets for you to read up on." (*He hands her some literature.*)

M. P. (reads)—"Statistics show that pets in most cases are the causes for the introduction of germs. Be a germ preventer. Sterilize thoroughly all cats and dogs and such things every time before allowing them to enter your home." (*E. B. nods approvingly.*)

M. P. (continuing)—"Yawning is contagious. Be a germ preventer. Don't yawn. One cannot very well sleep with his eyes open nor can he sleep with his mouth open and sleep well. Why invite germs? Keep your mouth closed. Be a germ preventer. This is very interesting and helpful, I'm sure."

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E. B.—"And here is a list of names of those people whom you will have to visit for prospective members."

M. P. (*looking through list, she notices one or two names which are familiar. She soon comes to one and exclaims*)—"Maud LaMarr! Edward, do you remember her? Don't you remember she used to be in our Freshman Class way back in our high school days?"

E. B.—"Why, yes, I remember now. That was such a long time ago. (*Dreamily.*) Ah, what a quantity of pleasant memories come back to me at the mention of those words—high school. Those far distant days are returning to me from that almost forgotten past. I see our classmates and ourselves again as small timid Freshmen entering the portals of learning. Miriam, do you remember? Can't you just see us?"

(Awed by the returning past, they begin to recall the days at high school.)

M. P.—"It seems ages ago that all that happened. It was on a burning cold day that with red noses (we didn't use powder then) and with wildly-beating hearts, we went up those stone steps of that awe-inspiring red building—H. P. H. S.—the school which first helped us to grow out of our infancy."

E. B.—"How cute we were then with our chubby features. I remember how bashful and frightened we were when we had to talk to an upper classman and what an honor did we think that. Do you remember that on the first day they gave us handbooks with all those rules for conduct?"

M. P. (*with a chuckle*)—"I certainly do. And we poor ignorant little Freshies would walk in the corridors as silent and as straight as Indians for fear of getting one little demerit. How simple we were then!"

E. B.—"But you must acknowledge we did do excellent work as Freshmen. It was we, *we* who lengthened the list of honor pupils so much. It makes me laugh now to think that some of our classmates at that time thought vacations absolutely unnecessary and a waste of time. What children we were!"

M. P.—"You must not forget, too, our literary contributions to the school magazine. I remember how the numerals 1926A in *The Chronicle* made us sigh. Four years to wait seemed ages to us little ones. But how the days and weeks and months flew. We were very happy as Freshmen but our joy knew no bounds when we beheld ourselves in really, truly, Sophomore classrooms."

E. B.—"Ah, that was when we first started to prick up our ears and to think of the school as a whole, not only of ourselves."

M. P.—"Thinking back to our Lower Sophomore year brings forth a picture which now makes me almost roar with laughter. Do you remember when you boys first put on long trousers? Whenever we girls used to talk to the boys, we both used to blush from being conscious of the added attractions."

E. B.—"Yes, that was a joke. But how sad it was when we first learned that we were to be taken from the motherly arms of H. P. H. S. and put into a new building—to do or die. But when we realized what able heads were to guide us on until we entered on the stage of life, we know that nothing would happen that would not proclaim our new school as a great success, worthy of its name, and an honor to the country. We were by no means mistaken."

M. P.—"You are right. But we didn't enter Weaver until the next term. During our free periods that term we had to study in the assembly hall. So do you

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wonder that we were so brilliant when we absorbed from the atmosphere the atoms of knowledge and power in that illustrious hall where philosophers, writers, poets, musicians, and business people had formerly sat?"

E. B.—"We were very successful as Sophomores but our Junior year was the best of the three. The Thomas Snell Weaver High School commenced its brilliant career in the educational world, and upon us Juniors was placed the great responsibility of leading our school to victory. Did we shirk our work? You have but to behold the school today." (*With a flourish.*)

M. P.—"Yes, and do you remember it was at first thought that it would be best not to form clubs the first year? But we showed that clubs did not harm us at all."

E. B.—"By the way, of course you remember that work on the building was still going on when we entered. It was only too evident to the outsider when he gazed with surprise at our flowery lawn surrounding our spacious school. Every kind of weed known and many others unknown were growing in this possible botanical garden."

M. P.—"Stop laughing at our lawn now, Edward. Don't you remember how lovely the grounds looked after they were fixed? We had a dandy race track and an athletic field, too, entirely surrounded by a towering chicken-wire fence."

E. B.—"We musn't forget our honors in athletic activities. Oh, those basketball games! They put school spirit in the lungs of everyone."

M. P.—"And our heroes didn't fall down when it came to the dancing which followed. What delightful memories!"

E. B.—"And what a shock you girls gave the boys when we heard you were running a Fashion Show. It wasn't until then that we boys realized how interested we were in girls' styles."

M. P.—"And then came our Senior year. Oh! that was the best of them all. It did seem great to have had the entire class of eighty-eight strong all in that big room 227, didn't it? It added to our already overflowing amount of importance and pride."

E. B.—"I'll say we were proud. We had reason to be. Look at all the club offices we held. Of course responsibilities would not have been given to us if we hadn't shown what we were made of."

M. P.—"That reminds me of the school weekly paper. Do you recall that at first we were allowed hardly one page in *The Owlet* of H. P. H. S.? But we grew fast. We could not be contained in only one page. So another half was added and another, and another and still another until two and a half pages out of *The Owlet's* eight were adorned with our activities and merits."

E. B.—"But it didn't stop there. We wished to be independent after a while. That is natural, you know. We had to have a paper of our own. As in other things, it was thought that two independent papers would not both have the successes necessary. And again we disproved that. Three cheers for us!"

M. P.—"That was a success to be sure. We did good work in everything; but the work of the Girls' League stands out clearly in my mind even to this late day."

E. B.—"Yes, I think the girls did some commendable things; but you musn't forget the boys. We took honors in everything—in debating—in—"

M. P.—"Wait! Hold on a bit! Debating did you say? Yes, you were good

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debaters, I must confess; but do you so easily forget that our girl debaters won over you? Oh, what a triumph for us!"

E. B.—"Oh, that didn't count." (*Rather scornfully.*)

E. B.—"And do you remember when we suddenly knew so much about electricity? That was when we visited the Hartford Electric Light Plant. All the students were so glad they had gone there because, you know, their knowledge was enlarged and then, too, free lunch was passed around. That was great!"

M. P.—"Towards graduation wrinkles of worry lined the foreheads of many of us diligent pupils. We were all wondering what was to become of the other classes and all the clubs after we had gone. That was so sad. Apropos the wrinkles, do you recall when you were an old man in the Domestic Club play? When you first got up from your seat with all that racket, I didn't know who you were. I thought to myself, 'What a nerve that old man has'."

E. B.—"Ha, Ha, I'll never forget that night. The people sitting near me told me in plain words to shut up. I was embarrassed and amused and happy at the same time. Getting back to serious things—I am not boasting nor am I one bit conceited, but it is true that our class was the best that the Hartford high schools ever produced or ever will produce."

M. P.—"Lately, I've been wondering why the Senior class is usually more complimented than the other classes. We were praised for our College Board Examinations, for our good work in the classical language departments. Why, so much confidence was put in our literary ability that we were even asked to write sonnets. Can you imagine a more brilliant class?"

E. B. (with a sigh)—"No, I can't. And at graduation, we were all so proud of ourselves and of our school. We were not ashamed to hold up our heads as if to say, 'Behold the finished product!'" (*Very proudly.*)

(*A short silence, then:*)

E. B.—"I almost felt young again in recalling our days at school. It did me much good. Well, now to get back to our own world. Being a busy lawyer, I must hurry back home to prepare for a hard day's work tomorrow." (*Both rise.*)

M. P.—"This certainly has been a very pleasant evening for me."

E. B.—"For me also. As soon as you get any new members for our club, let me know. Here is my card."

(*They talk gaily while going towards the door. When E. B. leaves, M. P. reads card:*)

*Burns, Bruises, Burns
Attorneys-at-Law
We Greet Our Clients Warmly
but
Settle Their Affairs Coolly*

M. P. (with a laugh)—"Now, isn't that just like Edward Burns!"

(*Curtain.*)

*MIRIAM PODNETSKY,
EDWARD BURNS.*

Class Prophecy

Time—1946.

Scene—General Manager's office in the Cipher Motion Picture Studio. Curtain rises in the usual manner disclosing the General Manager seated at a paper-littered desk in a would-be busy mood. Telephone rings.

He—"All right, spend your nickel. Who? Wash! This isn't a laundry. Oh, Warshawsky. Good, Charlie. You're a reporter now? That's fine. Yes, I went to the Movie Ball. Well, I'm very busy just now but I think I can tell you something about it. Sarah DuBrow talked on 'Nothing to do and how to do it'; Sadie and Sarah Goldberg danced the Irish Jig; Howard Millot, the magician, and Bertha Glotzer, his assistant, performed, while Hyman Lieberman amused the guests by acting natural. That's all. You're welcome. Good-bye." (*Busies himself at work again.*)

(Girl enters and trips over toothpick.)

She—"Were you looking for an extra?"

He (without looking up, takes newspaper from desk)—"No, I have one."

She—"I mean a girl for your new picture."

He (sizing her up)—"Hm-m. You might pass in a crowd."

She—"I'd rather be in a crowd earning my dollar and a half than be a stenographer at twenty-five——"

He (interrupting)—"Can you take dictation? Are you a stenographer?"

She—"I can do anything. Say, I write shorthand so fast that I have to use a specially prepared pencil with a platinum point and a water-cooling device, a note pad made of asbestos, ruled with sulphuric acid and stitched with catgut. I——"

He—"Whoa! Then for the luva Mike, help me out! My stenographer slipped into the 'holy bonds of matrimony' with my office boy last night and left me floundering on this fathomless sea of undone work. Look at this desk, will you?"

She—"Well all right. I'll try anything once." (*Removes hat and coat.*)

He—"That's the stuff. Here, make a copy of this."

(Hands her paper. She goes to table at right.)

She (reading as she types)—

THE SHOOTING OF POP GUNZ

By Norinne K. Auger.

Directed by Paul Christensen.

Scenic effects by Blanche Susman.

Photographed by Samuel H. Cohen.

Titles by Lena Weinstein.

Screen play by Evelyn A. Smith.

(General Manager exits.)

She—"I do believe—No, it can't be. Well, I'll ask him when he comes back."
(Continues typing, reading aloud as she does so.)

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Pop, the noisy hero who believes in doing everything with a bang, *J. Earl Williams*.

Countess Owtt, the beautiful but—daring heroine, who fears only mustached men and excess weight, *Margaret Wilcox*.

Eubett Ahlgettum, the Turk, a sneaking, cowardly villain, who believes “absence of body is better than presence of mind,” *Edward J. Burns*.

The mob scene played by *Myer Ellovich*.

(*General Manager re-enters. Girl looks at him half-puzzled, half-suspecting. Goes timidly to his desk.*)

She (hesitatingly)—“Are you—? Were you—? Could it be possible that—?”

He (interrupting her)—“Bring your pad and pencil and take this letter.”

(*Dictating*):

The Sherry, Bloom Supply Company,
227 Robins Row,
Castoria, Long Island.

Gentlemen:

Please send me at your earliest convenience three dummies—one boy, one girl and another one; a gun, two bullets, and an apple pie.

Thanking you, but not paying you in advance, I—

(*Girl rises and starts walking towards typewriter.*)

He—“Just a minute, I haven’t finished the letter yet.”

She—“But I have.”

He—“You have. What did you write?”

She (reading from paper)—“I beg to remain, truly yours.”

He—“Say, where did you learn to think and take dictation so fast?”

She—“In Weaver High School.”

He—“Weaver High School? Why, I graduated from that school myself.”

She—“I knew it!”

He—“You knew it?”

She (showing him paper)—“Surely, after typing the names of all those Weaver Alumni. Besides you look familiar to me.”

He—“You look familiar too, but I can’t think of your name.”

She—“And I can’t think of yours. (*Looks at him intently.*) Wait a minute. Weren’t you our class prophet?”

He (recognizing her)—“Why, you were the prophetess.”

She—“‘Billie’ O’Rourke!”

He—“‘Gertie’ Honer!”

(*He rises and both open arms as if to embrace each other—but only shake hands. They simultaneously burst into cheer, whirl around, and then drop exhausted into chairs.*)

She—“My, that was as good as a basketball game! Whatever happened to our flashy Green and White checkered basketball team?”

He—“They’re pretty well scattered now but I manage to get news of them once in a while. Bidwell has just opened up a hardware store; Goldberg has written an article entitled ‘How I Appreciated British Verse’; Hyman is an oil merchant, and Myer Ellovich plays a big part in one of my productions.”

She—“Who do you suppose I met today?”

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He—"Somebody, I surmise."

She—" 'Dick' Fowler. She was telling me how the song she sang over the radio the other night still haunts her."

He—"Yeh, I heard her. No wonder it haunts her, the way she murdered it."

She—"Oh yes, and Edith Vogel and Matilda Shafer had a radio debate on 'Jazzmania.' Edith talked and talked and talked till the station signed off for the night."

He—"Yes, and the worst of it was that Lillian Schwartz and Jennie Tulman were scheduled for a travel talk on their adventures in the wilds of Gebru where they had been trying to determine whether a zebra is a white animal with black stripes or a black animal with white stripes."

She—"By the way, what happened to the rest of that bunch—Annie Stone, Bella Freedman, and Miriam Podnetsky?"

He—"Annie Stone is down at Sound View learning the proper approach to the water. Bella Freedman just wrote a book entitled 'How I Cultivated my Memory in Fifteen Minutes a Day.' Miriam Podnetsky is finishing up her short history on King Tut. She discovered that he was the ancestor of Agnes Tuttle, whose eyes, she says, resemble the king's."

She—"Of all ridiculous things! That is almost as bad as Israel Hyman's brilliant idea."

He—"What's that?"

She—"Why, his trade mark for that stuff he calls automobile oil—'Is Real Oil.'"

He—"Speaking of automobiles, I've got a new 'Crane' ear. It's a snappy little boat, I can tell you. I understand Clarence is having some trouble with Ford because of the fact that Crane has an extra rattle."

She—"Yes, but everybody thinks Crane will win out because they can use that extra rattle as a horn."

He—"That's just what I did the other day. I was bumping over Weaver Road when 'Eddie' Greene sauntered absent-mindedly right in my way. I rattled the 'Crane' and 'Eddie' was so frightened he blushed."

She—"Had you heard that he's decided not to establish a demerit system in his high school?"

He—"So 'Eddie's' principal of a high school? Well, well, well. Did you know that 'Dot' Barrett cut her hair and founded a school called the 'Flippy Flappers Flieker?' (*Noise outside.*) "What in blazes is that? Sounds as if they were shooting that earthquake ahead of schedule."

(*G. M. goes to door to see what the trouble is; is heard shouting "Stop the noise!" Meanwhile the telephone buzzes. The girl answers.*)

She—"Hello! No. I know you have the wrong number."

He (returning)—"Who was that?"

She—"Somebody must have been looking for a wife. They wanted to know if this was Frances Hoyer's Matrimonial Agency."

He—"Well, one wife was found here."

She—"How did that happen?"

He—"My office boy, William McCombe, who by the way wears long pants now, ran off with my stenographer. He wanted a stenographer because he knew he could dictate to her."

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She—"Well, I wish him more luck than Kenneth O. Robinson had."

He—"What! 'Ken' married?"

She—"Not quite so bad. But he has become an artist, you know, and his art studio up on Windsor Avenue burned down."

He—"Oh yes, I overheard William Rosenfield, the master mind of the Finklestein Detective Agency, tell James Fellows, head reporter on the *Wise Weekly*, that he had worded out a very important solution as to how it started. He had come to the conclusion that something hot must have come in contact with some inflammable substance and it began to burn."

She—"A very brainy solution, I should judge."

He—"No doubt. Nevertheless it took Fire Chief Strong to find the real cause. After investigating, he discovered it happened while Max Rosenblum was posing for firecrackers. The sun was shining brightly on his hair as he leaned his weary head against a curtain, which immediately burst into flames."

She—"Who paid the damages?"

He—"Red", of course. He was brought up before Judge Steele and, recognizing him, swaggered up and said, 'Nice day today, isn't it, Elliot?'

She—"What did Elliot say?"

He—"Fine—a thousand dollars."

She—"Say, that reminds me of the big accident that happened the other day."

He—"Where? Any damage done?"

She—"Lillian London and Rose Saltzman were riding around in their aeroplane when it ran out of gas and crashed to the earth."

He—"Were they hurt?"

She—"No, they landed on a hay-stack in Oscar Sigal's model farm, where Kenneth C. Eldridge, the expert crop producer, found them trying to feed the remains of the aeroplane to 'Occy's' prize goats."

He—"It seems as though most of our class is having bad luck."

She—"I should say not. It's just the opposite. Quite a few of them have struck it rather soft. For instance, Sidney Kaplan has turned loafer in a bakery; Nathan Friedman took the job of window cleaner in a coal mine while Leslie Johnson has become chief tester in a mattress factory."

He—"I'm not at all surprised. They always were in the habit of taking life easy in Weaver."

She—"And I suppose Harry Kleinman has become a French teacher."

He—"No, he's a public speaker now. He addressed a deaf and dumb audience a short while ago; they enjoyed it very much."

She—"I'll bet they could have heard Manuel Segal when he gave his kettle-drum recital in Carnegie Hall."

He—"Speaking of loud, have you heard Dixwell Burnham's voice? He's been taking elocution lessons from 'Tom' Mazzuechi, the world-renowned actor of character parts." (*Knocking is heard at door. G. M. rises*)—"Oh, I suppose that's that persistent saleswoman, Florence E. Margolis, back again trying to sell me one of those confounded four-dimension cameras."

She—"Four-dimension cameras? What are they?"

He—"They film pictures crosswise, lengthwise, sidewise, and otherwise."

She—"She probably could put one over on you. She could sell shoe-strings to a legless man." (*Knock at door, G. M. goes to door and remains for a moment. Returns and addresses girl.*)

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He—"Samuel Cohen, one of the prop boys, just informed me that my latest picture is to be shot in ten minutes. They weren't to start it until tomorrow because 'Dot' Coles's wardrobe hadn't arrived, but Jonathan Swift dashed madly to New York and back with it, making it possible to begin today."

She—"You mean for the 'Shooting of Pop Gunz'?"

He—"No, that's only a short comedy. This is a big five-reeler. It is, by the way, the one I was to put you in as an extra."

She—"Then I have a chance to get in the movies after all! Oh! Please, tell me about it."

He—"Well—the action takes place in a far-off isolated island. The scene is a colony where woman reigns supreme—because no men are permitted to live there. It is a small village in itself. It has its own budget system, worked out by Pearl Cohen and Charlotte Chesman, the district statisticians, and a bank of which Ada Jacklyn is the president."

She—"What do they need a bank for?"

He—"To keep their bananas in. They use bananas instead of money, you know."

She—"I see, proceed."

He—"Rose Manilli is the Public Health Commissioneress, who sees that the women are allowed only one piece of candy a day. Cecelia Sanofsky, the barberess, is much in demand due to the fact that her Excellency Mary K. Barrett has issued a law compelling all the women to have their hair bobbed so that their ears show. All their clothes are made by Barbara Duncan, fashion expert. Pauline Rosen and Mary Lavitt have charge of the Cat Pound. They collect all the stray felines and the articles heaved at them nightly. Eleanor Ward—"

She (interrupting)—"I can guess that. She's the dancing teacher."

He—"Yes, and Dorothy Snow is the art teacher. Margaret Connerton and Marion Davis own a basement restaurant with a big sign hanging outside which reads 'Have a Cup of Coffee and Roll Downstairs.' Ruth M. Long plays the part of the mother of Loretta Collard and Grayce Kearns, who are two young girls vainly trying to get a glimpse of man, whom they have never seen. Around them and Dorance Coles the plot is woven. A victim of Fate, Doranee is thrown unwillingly upon this island. In search of food, he stumbles upon this village of Wilful Women. The plot thickens. He is captured."

She—"He must have had a mighty good time."

He (continuing the story)—"Grayce and Loretta, seeing man for the first time, try unsuccessfully to rescue him. They attempt to bribe Elizabeth Tuttle, the chauffeur, by offering her a brand-new 'For Hire' sign, but in vain. A mass meeting is called. They gather about him. From them, are chosen 'twelve women good and true.' 'To live or not to live, that is the question.' They draw to one side in secret conference; they must decide his fate. Doranee pales, lifts his eyes heavenward, and shudders. All is still. Slowly and stealthily, the chosen dozen file up before him. Margaret Lynch steps forward and in a low, hollow voice, solemnly pronounces the verdict. 'We have decided that——'." (*Loud knocking is heard at door.*) "Well, let's go out and see them film the rest of it."

(*Curtain.*)

WILLIAM F. O'ROURKE.

GERTRUDE HONER.

Weaver Class Songs

Introduction

Words: Jennie Tulman
Music: Minnie Finklestein

1. Oh Wea-ver High So dear, Fare-well we bid you here! The hap-py hours we
2. Your Guid-ing hand no more Shall lead us as be-fore. You've giv-en us Your
spent with you were just like dreams come true. As class of Twenty -
ver - y best of Teach-ers and The rest, To mor-row we'll
six A, we worked most ev'ry day. And now, we leave you with your fame to
be gone to fight our way a long To-night we'll have you yet a - while to
shout in glee your name.
cheer us with your smile. - Chorus -
Let's sing to Green and White, Em-blem of beauty True. Let's give her
prophe-cy of hon-ors not a few, We'll ever loy-al be, Praise her on land and sea,
And tho' we have to leave her side, She will al-ways be our pride

H.D.M.

Weaver Class Song

Words - E. Florence Margolis
Music - Pearl O. Cohen.

1. Wea-ver High, our Class will soon be scat-tered far a-part; Wea-ver High, we'll al-ways
2. Wea-ver High, your Teach-ings now will help us on our way; Wea-ver High "Good luck to
sing with praises from our heart, Class of Twen-ty six A. we will an-swer
you," you'll al-ways hear us say; Class of twen-ty six A; loy-al-ty will
first of all, When the Green and White sends out its clear and noble call.
be our aim, when as true and faith-ful wea-ver-ites we strive for fame.

H.D.M.
M.F.

CLASS BOOK 1926A—THOMAS SNELL WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL

Hooz Hoo

GIRLS

Dorothy M. Barrett
 Frances I. Hoye
 Jennie Tulman
 Eleanor M. Ward
 Dorothy M. Barrett
 Frances I. Hoye
 Bertha Glotzer
 Charlotte Chesman
 Gertrude Honer
 Miriam Podnetsky
 Dorothy M. Barrett
 Ada I. Jacklyn
 Barbara G. Duncan
 Bella Freedman
 Grayce Kearns
 Mary K. Barrett
 Eleanor M. Ward
 Dorothy E. Fowler
 Rose Manilli
 Grayce Kearns
 Margaret C. Wilcox
 Barbara G. Duncan
 Eleanor M. Ward
 Marian B. Kelley
 Dorothy E. Fowler
 Gertrude Honer
 Dorothy E. Fowler
 Dorothy E. Fowler
 Ada I. Jacklyn
 Miriam Podnetsky
 Mary Lavitt
 Sarah DuBrow
 Lillian Schwartz
 Bella Freedman
 Grayce Kearns
 Loretta M. Collard
 Agnes B. Tuttle
 Dorothy M. Barrett
 Norinne Auger
 Dorothy M. Barrett

Most Popular
Most Dignified
Most Serious
Most Sophisticated
Most Capable
Most Courteous
Most Credulous
Most Pessimistic
Most Optimistic
Most Original
Most Practical
Best Natured
Most Literary
Most Energetic
Best Joker
Most Bashful
Most Flirtatious
Most Talkative
Most Angelic
Greatest Heartbreaker
Best Looking
Best Dresser
Best Dancer
Best Athlete
Frankest
Cleverest
Best Conversationalist
Best Actor-Actress
Wittiest
Busiest
Quietest
Noisiest
Hardest Worker
Neatest
Cutest
Daintiest
Peppiest
Most Sportsmanlike
Best All-Around
Has Done Most for W. H. S.

BOYS

Paul K. Bidwell
 Everett P. Strong
 Edwin J. Greene
 Dorance H. Coles
 Edwin J. Greene
 Earl Williams
 Harry Wise
 Harry Wise
 Paul Christensen
 Edward J. Burns
 Dorance H. Coles
 William Rourke
 Edwin J. Greene
 James B. Fellows
 Edward J. Burns
 Dixwell Burnham
 William Rourke
 Harry Kleinman
 Elliot B. Steele
 William Rourke
 Dorance H. Coles
 Leslie Johnson
 William Rourke
 Myer Ellovich
 Harry Kleinman
 Edward J. Burns
 James B. Fellows
 Dorance H. Coles
 Edward J. Burns
 Dorance H. Coles
 Edwin J. Greene
 Oscar Sigal
 Edwin J. Greene
 Earl Williams
 William Rourke
 Elliot B. Steele
 William Rourke
 Paul K. Bidwell
 Paul K. Bidwell
 Edwin J. Greene

C. O. D. Hollywood

Rudy Valentino.....	“Dot” Coles
Ben Lyons.....	“Charlie” Warshawsky
Pola Negri.....	Grayce Kearns
Charles Ray.....	“Ken” Bidwell
Wesley Barry.....	“Pinky” McCombe
Mary Pickford.....	“Meggie” Wilcox
Colleen Moore.....	Agnes Tuttle
Al. St. John.....	Harry Wise
Eleanor Boardman.....	Eleanor Ward
Jackie Coogan.....	Elliot Steele
Zazu Pitts.....	Evelyn Smith
Harold Lloyd.....	Edwin Greene
Noah Beery.....	“Lux” Ellovich
Clive Brook.....	“Bud” Strong
Pauline Starkey.....	“Bob” Duncan
Tom Mix.....	“Ben” Fellows
Blanche Sweet.....	Loretta Collard
“Doug” Fairbanks.....	Earl Williams
Buster Keaton.....	Jonathan Swift
Ella Cinders.....	“Peggy” Connerton

Alphabetics — Girls

A is for Anne,
The giggling gal,
And Bella her helpmate
And giggling pal.

B is for Barrett
Mary and Dot;
One is freckled
The other is not.

C is for Cecelia,
Whose blushes are said
To rush with a dash
All over her head.

D is for Dickie,
Our sweet cuckoo bird;
Whenever she warbles
She's sure to be heard.

E is for Eleanor,
The kind of a gal
Who dances and sings,
And makes a fine pal.

F is for Frances,
A musician of name,
Whose personality and fiddle
Should bring her much fame.

G is for Grayce,
A short little imp;
She hasn't any use
For a boy what's a simp.

H is our Hot Dog
So prominent at lunch;
A popular favor
Of the Weaver High bunch.

I is for Infants—
And many are found
Loitering in the corridors
And all around.

J is for Jennie,
Our pale, little lass;
When it comes to exams,
She's never failed pass.

K is for Kelley,
Who guarded on our team
She bounced the forwards
With plenty of steam.

L is for Loretta,
So cute and sweet
With manners so gentle
You seldom meet.

M is for Marge,
A sweet little shrimp;
She'd be up in the world
If she'd ride in a blimp.

N is for Norinne,
A quiet little child;
But she wears some stockings
That aren't quite so mild.

O is for Owl,
A wise old bird;
He keeps one eye open,
Perhaps you have heard.

P is for Paul,
Known also as Rosen;
Down in the lunchroom
She always was frozen.

Q is a question,
That no one can solve;
From what kind of monkeys
Did we all evolve?

R is for Ruth,
Who tends the library
When a book's overdue,
She soaks you a berry.

S is for Schwartz,
Who showed us the way;
That study and work,
Are sure to repay.

T is for Trudy,
Honer by Gee!
Oh! how she talked,
Like a heathen Chineese!

U is for You.
Here's to your health,
With plenty of wishes
For happiness and wealth.

V is for Vogel,
Not a bit of a crank;
Her report cards go home
With the demerit space blank.

W is for Wilcox,
With "a skin you love to touch."
She isn't pretty—
No— not much!

X is for Xanthippe,
Whose like we abhor;
From the sound of her voice
To the clothes that she wore.

Y is for Youth,
The best time of all;
When a kind of Utopia
Is no myth at all.

Z is for Zebra,
Whose stripes are the fad—
In stockings and neckties
They don't look so bad.

Alphabetic — Boys

- A is the letter
That heads all the rest;
Others are useful
But this one's the best.
- B is for Biddie,
Ken, P. K., or Paul;
He's a wow with the ladies
And monstrously tall.
- C is for Craine,
Our sweet little boy;
He makes us all laugh
He's just such a toy.
- D is for "Dot,"
The premier Class Beauty;
Whatever you think
You'll admit he's a cutie.
- E is for Eddie,
From Floi'd Avenoo;
If he'd eased off his pipe,
He might possiby 've grew.
- F is for Fellows,
A boy very gay;
He takes all his ciphers
In his own happy way.
- G is for Greene,
A boy of great merits;
He grabs off the honors,
But not the demerits.
- H is for Harry—
Kleinman's the rest;
As our chief talker
He sure is the best.
- I is a vowel
Strong to be sure;
Found in all tongues
The old and the newer.
- J is for Johnson,
He's quite a slow lad;
But when he's togged out,
He doesn't look bad.
- K is for Ken,
Who makes such a moan;
When he sits on the stage,
Tooting his trombone.
- L is for "Lux,"
A big boy is he.
He's got a few letters
And they number three.
- M is for Mookie,
Whose last name's Cohen;
He takes the cookie
For rolling his own.
- N is for Nathan,
A lad very stout;
His length up and down,
Is his width all about.
- O is a letter
The cipher's half brother;
Once you get one
You don't want another.
- P is for Pinkie,
Who hunts the wild cats;
He's laid out a trap line
For all the muskrats.
- Q is for Quiz,
A short little test;
It sticks the worst of us
And sometimes the best.
- R is for Rourke,
A sheik beyond doubt;
He does all the steps,
And how he can shout!
- S is for Sigal,
His nickname's Osk;
He grabs off demerits
And wears flashy socks.
- T is for Tommy,
Best known in the "Shop,"
As Slovsky, the Florist,
He sure was some pop.
- U is for Us—
Of course it is we,
The Class Book Board,
Now, don't you see?
- V is for Vigor,
Versatility, vim;
The best of us want them
To keep us in trim.
- W is for Wop,
A star you'll agree;
He was the fastest player
On the Weaver B. B.
- X is for Excellence,
The goal of the mighty;
In trying to get it
We almost go flighty.
- Y is for Yellie,
Who lives on cream cheese.
He works for a farmer
And raises sweet peas.
- Z is for Zanthi,
Perhaps you know;
We christened him this
To finish this row.

Class Book Snaps



EDITORIAL BOARD



BUSINESS BOARD



"THE GANG'S ALL HERE"

What Would Happen If==

Wop Goldberg played with the Girls' Basketball team?

Eddie Burns lost that meerchaum of his?

Annie Stone didn't have a spell of giggling once a day?

Veracity entered into our dear little Jennie?

Earl Williams took another crack at that cracker?

Rose Manilli ever started a rumpus?

Harry Kleinman didn't argue against the perversity of women?

Israel Hyman's hair ever parted?

Grayce Kearns was ever without dainty little Loretta?

Harry Wise ever spoke wisely?

Sid Kaplan stopped robbing the cradle?

Clarence Crane caught cold contracting consumption?

Hyman Liberman mistook a radicle for a radical?

Oscar could ever be completely subjugated?

Objectionable personages were fired from school?

Leslie Johnson ever got to school on time?

Howie Millot was ever late for that lunchroom spread?

Agnes Tuttle forgot how to laugh?

Rose Saltzman ever stopped working?

Trudy Honer ever spoke below high C?

Florence Margolis went into the advertising business?

Only one demerit were given for cipher offences?

Red Rosenblum lost some of his nerve?

Dorothy Snow went on a diet?

Credit were given for tardiness?

O. Robinson lost that winning smile of his?

Norinne didn't wear those flashy stockings?

No one was late for one day in 227?

Elliot Steele ever caught a whale?

Charlie Warshawsky wore a derby to the Reception?

Tom Mazzuechi became a full-fledged florist?

I chased a monkey around the flag pole?

Cecelia Sanofsky took a course in stage craft?

U ever forget those happy years in W. H. S.?

The entire Senior Class decided to surprise Mr. Holden by taking a P. G.?

The Garden of Eden

Adam—"Dot" Coles

Eve—"Meggie" Wilcox

American Beauty.....	"Dot" Barrett
Violet.....	Celia Sanofsky
Narcissus.....	"Bob" Duncan
Smart-weed.....	"Lil" Schwartz
Johnny-jumpups.....	"Trudy" Honer
Pansy.....	Eleanor Ward
Dandelion.....	Ruth Long
Buttercup.....	Mary Barrett
Arbutus.....	Anne Stone
Tiger Lily.....	Florence Margolis
Snapdragon.....	Grayce Kearns
Bachelor Button.....	Jennie Tulman
Blue Bells.....	"Dickie" Fowler
Robin's Plaintain.....	Marion Davis
Aster.....	Norinne Auger
Lapdog.....	Paul Bidwell
Rabbit.....	Clarence Crane
Hippopotamus.....	"Lux" Ellovich
Rooster.....	Harry Kleinman
Night Hawk.....	"Billy" Rourke
Giraffe.....	Paul Christensen
Puppy.....	Elliot Steele
Beaver.....	Edwin Greene
Cat.....	"Sid" Kaplan
Raven.....	"Bud" Strong
Cuckoo.....	Oscar Sigal
Owl.....	Harry Wise
Monkey.....	"Eddie" Burns
Leopard.....	"Ben" Fellows
Peacock.....	Leslie Johnson

The rest of the class—The Apples

Last Will and Testament

Know all men by these presents that we, the members of the Class of 1926A, Weaver High School, being of a sound and disposing mind and memory do make and publish this our last Will and Testament.

To the Faculty:

- 1—One fragrant bouquet of Sweet Williams to our principal, Mr. Holden.
- 2—A brand new Rolls-Royce to Mr. Burke to take the place of his laboring Ford.
- 3—To Mr. Fox, all the electricity generated in Room 300 to be used in running the elevator for another year.
- 4—All the hot air that escapes during the lunch period to Mr. Maines for chemical analysis.

To the Student Body:

- 1—The fireplace to all Freshmen with cold feet.
- 2—The stools and salmon sandwiches to the lunchroom crowd.
- 3—The famous mound across the street to the “sheiks” of the next class.
- 4—The sick passes to all lovers of the Majestic.
- 5—The hot-dogs to all the young pups.
- 6—The illustrated book of “Mother Goose” in the library to the overworked Freshmen.

Miscellaneous:

- 1—The elevator to distinguished visitors and other supplies.
- 2—All the extra pieces of chalk to John Ellsworth. (How he loves to throw them!)
- 3—One bottle of iodine in care of Miss Kelley for “Mat” Brazel.
- 4—“Wop” Goldberg’s uncanny eye for the basket to the remaining team to help carry Weaver along.

The residue of the estate to the Class of 1926B.

In Witness Whereof we do hereunto set our hands and seal, this first day of February in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

THE CLASS OF 1926A



Seal

CLASS REVIEWS

By Ben Rosenberg
1925



Humor

Not So Slow.

Young City Miss—"There's not much pep to the girls out here, is there?"

Farmer Bidwell—"Pep! Wal, I dunno 'bout that, lady. Now this mornin' our girl Sarah milked fifteen cows before breakfast."

* *

Ag. Tuttle—"Why do men wear loud ties?"

Bella F.—"So they won't feel lonesome when they're alone."

* *

"Ken" Robinson—"Say, do you think you're the best looking man on the campus?"

"Billy" Rourke—"No, I don't, but what's my opinion compared to the opinion of thousands of women?"

* *

"Dot"—"May I hold your hand for a second?"

She—"How will you know when a second is up?"

"Dot"—"Oh, I'll need a second hand for that."

* *

Science teacher—"What is a vacuum?"

Harry Wise—"I have it in my head, but I can't think of it just now."

* *

"Charlie" W.—"Why does your girl always write to you in green ink?"

"Billy" R.—"Just a little hint of how jealous she is."

* *

O. Sigal—"I used to be a draft clerk."

Pop Q.—"What's that?"

"Oskie"—"I opened and shut the windows."

* *

Seasick flapper—"I feel terrible. I've got an awful lump in my throat."

Soothing sheik—"Better swallow it. It's probably your stomach."

* *

A minister, while passing a group of convicts at work on the country roads, became very much depressed at the wickedness of the world.

"My good men," he exhorted, "we should strive to mend our ways."

"Well, wot you think we're doing?" asked No. 2348, "Digging fish worms?"

* *

Mrs. Noahlott—"I presume when you were abroad you visited the Swiss Alps."

Mrs. Newrich—"The Alps? Well, I should say so. And you know they are the nicest family in Switzerland."

The Unhappy Medium.

Householder—"You're a big, healthy man, why don't you go to work?"

Tramp—"Madam, I'll tell you my trouble. I'm an unhappy medium."

Householder—"Whatever's that?"

Tramp—"I'm too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work."

* *

Said the Cadillac to a Ford, as the Ford whizzed by, "You're a better car than I am, hunk of tin!"

* *

Moy Bloom—"What is a hypocrite?"

"A hypocrite, my son, is a student who says he reads Balzac's 'Droll Stories' because of their literary value."

* *

The Stamp of Learning.

"Pa, what's a post-graduate?"

"A fellow who graduates from one of those correspondence schools, I suppose."

* *

"Yes, Oswald, the only difference between humor and sarcasm is that the humorist talks about someone who isn't present."

* *

Freddy—"Grandpa, did you once have hair like snow?"

Grandpa—"Yes, my boy."

Freddy—"Well, who shoveled it off?"

* *

"My alarm clock may have short legs but it sure can make time."

* *

Our Historian's name is Podnetsky;
She once loved a count named Posetsky,
He took her to Russia

In order to hush her—
She learned a secret hepossestsky.

An actor of merit is Coles,
From the top of his head to his soles.
On the stage he's a gem,
But on ladders—ahem,
That's the best of his numerous roles.

Of the sports "Dot" Barrett's the best;
She's a mile ahead of the rest,
She plays basketball,
But that isn't all,
For she's chuck full of joy and zest.

Bidwell's a good-looking fellow,
With a voice that is soft and mellow,
He received his report—
And a quiet different sort
Flew out of the room with a bellow.

CLASS BOOK 1926A—THOMAS SNELL WEAVER HIGH SCHOOL



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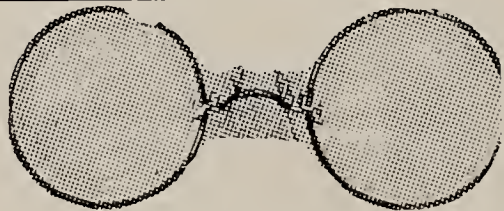
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John Daley Preu Weaver High School Yearbook Collection 1924 to 1970

John Daley Preu was born July 23, 1913 in Hartford, CT. . John was educated in Hartford, and received his degree in art illustration from the Pratt Institute in New York. He became an art teacher in 1937 at Weaver High School, the same high school that he graduated from in 1931. He retired in 1970 as the head of the Weaver art department. During his teaching years at Weaver, he collected a yearbook for every year he taught.

While he was a teacher at Weaver, he married Odile E Burke the daughter of the principle of Weaver High at the time, Frank H Burke. Yearbooks from 1924 to 1937 were originally part of Frank H Burke's collection of Weaver yearbooks but were given to John D. Preu to add to his collection.

The collection was inherited by his sons Mark and Christopher. In January of 2019 Robert James Ellis contacted them to borrow some of the Weaver yearbooks for his Weaver High Yearbook digitization project. Because of Ellis's interaction with Brenda Miller, director of Hartford Public Library History Center and being aware that the library was missing many of the Weaver High yearbooks from 1924 to 1970, Robert suggested to Mark and Christopher Preu that they could donated the collection to the library and they agreed.

All of the Weaver High Yearbooks from 1924 to 2010 except 1927B have been digitized and can be viewed for free by all on the Internet at archive.org. Robert Ellis is thankful to Tim Bigelow at the archive.org scanning facility in Boston for his advice and guidance while working on the Weaver High Digitization Project.

Thank you Mark and Christopher Preu for your donating your Dad's Collection.

